52 Tavistock Square

5th March 1934

Yes, I am over so much better. I was only the usual bilious temperature, which makes the headache hang about. But I am back in my room again, working. And it wasn't half as bad as it sometimes is.

Oh Lord though we are in a chaos! Yours damned Cousin, the Duke — the D. of York — has insisted that we must entirely decorate the house; & every book has to be moved, every piece of type; & here we are, for the next 3 weeks, cramped among rolled up Carpets & tables on end. Damn all Dukes! £270 to spend; & then they back the house down. However the fog is over, the King's B'day buried — heaven be praised. Ethel's mass has been played — but it was a joke to see her sitting in her triangular hat by the Queen's

Side in the Royal Box, among all the Court. Afterwards
She gave a tea party at Lyons's — a more sordid
affair you can't imagine: marble slabbed tables,
thick bread & butter, & the populace munching their
cream buns. There were Emerald Cunard, Diana,
Ly Lovat — all eating their bread & butter
but a little out of their harmony: Ethel bellowing,
as red as the sun, entirely triumphant & self satisfied
that made [illegible] Larrydan as Joan — She'll
make you angry, but there's no accounting for
tastes. Christopher & John were there.
And I'm flirting with a rather charming
Oh dear me, this won't make you jealous,
If sitting over at Fez. No, we may go to
Ireland & the Hebrides, not to Provence, just
this minute. I'm afraid it won't be hot yet in
Provence. I can't write Leave or passion or
reason or rhyme — I: work & taking down
books & clumping them on the floor. What
migraines were for! And never diarist.
Please write some time to-
Polly V.

HAMILL & BARKER 2/6/62

52 T. S.

Friday 13th April 1934

Gee, I must really write to Gon, because I want to know what is happening. But that said, I'm nothing to say. That because Gon is in love with another, damn fan! Arent I a nice nature, though, like a flight of green birds alighting now a then? I had meant. God knows, to abolog ie for being so d-d duch, so obtuse, drowsy & dreary that night at Kings Bench - I said to myself, no wonder Vita no longer loves you, because you bore her; a afthere one thing love wont stand, it boredom. The truth was Ottoline & Kelly between them - oh what a scene I had - when with I let a servant slay I & jean again - had ~~from~~ ground me to - Kind of slay dust - That reminds me — Your amethyst is on the mantelpiece, beneath

the stone that came from Persepolis — the 3 curls of
the Emperor's beard, I always think this shall [illegible]
be in London this week? Shall you come & see me?
I only ask: Even a dog can do that.

My God what a ramshackle rough rowdy
dowdy house old Ethel is! All about you —
C. St J. I lost my temper, (in washing)
whereupon she went to Lady Balfour, who
says Ethel is an angel; Lord B. is called in to
confirm this; — she can't get a thing he; the, the
most ingrained Egoist — Even I) knew. But don't
Embrace me with her further. me after next week
we go to Ireland, driving all across England, &
then leaping the Channel, staying with
Sir Bowen, & so up to the accent island, where
the Seals bark & the old women croon, over
Corpses & drowned men, don't they. And there)
may be windswept in to the sea. But what
moved Vita Cave. "No", she'd say, we had
Perfulaneum Ridentis in that bed last year: we'll
try the Scrofulosum Perineum there this." So she'd
bury me under, wouldn't she, Vita! And get how
clever, how charming I am! V.

52 T.S. Thursday. 11th March 1937

Yes we're just back — arrived from Stratford on Avon last night. Oh we've seen such a lot of queer places; — Elizabeth, I clasped hands over the wishing well in her garden — where the bow came & hang rosaries & broken crutches — & wished — well, what d'you think we wished? (I must say plainly & frankly, my one wish is to make you jealous.)

So do come on Monday, 4.30. & we'll do what ever the Leagon dictates. But season

please conceal the fact from Ethel, because I
want her to think I'm still in Galway.
I wish you'd dabble her score: I set
strangulated heart cries about you, — dot, dot,
dot, indicating revelations of unspeakable horrors
Yes, you ought to go to Stratford, the home of
all your tribe. I was tremendously impressed.
Poor old George — no, I'm not seriously sorry,
only selfishly, that my hat is now further away
& the grave I subpoe nearer. Also Margaret
whom I velvet dimly, must be very lonesome — they
made such a fitting & wrong pair; last time I
saw them together the tears came to my eyes.
V.

32 T-S. 2nd July 1934

Yes I saw Ben across the room the other night, & wished I could get at him; but the crowd was too great. What a shindy a party is! I think that one such last me till next July. I'm quite all right — only Elly made me send a doctor, who says it's flu or germ, & wants to medicate me, which I wont do: so have kept rather quiet, & so far have had no more flu (as he said I should) I lay it on rather to Ethel, as you divine. Poor old struggler! how she wrote to say she had to pay £2.000 to the Treasury, & it therefore pained: something about income tax apparently, but rather suspect exaggerated, like the rest. Ethel L. has already written you a

a beginner letter, so that all that is left me is
to say that far from thinking you a darling
Jew we always have to you on the one,
& the most perfectly disinterested & inconsolable -
ned & modest & magnanimous of all our Crew.
all I feel sometimes in the grey watches of the
night is that we are stealing you: & you have to
halk the feathers from your breast to feed the young
on our account. The young, Ben, I mean — oh Jim
o hot - Court waltz - looked to me adorable the
other night — would sitting on a felt chair between
Ibbs & Jack Hutch. to see. & so I daresay I.
ught to buy you one thousand down all to keep them
at Balliol. Here's - Gilbert rujing up to
ask me to lunch. No I won't. Vita never
rings me up; but when she's sitting among the
pigeons at the top of the pink tower watching the
moon rise between the hop poles — (now, visit
Chat worth at that Dolly ever wrote, Square
Ever praised; so spontaneous, universal, & full of
deep feeling). But I wish I ever saw her —
Vita I mean; only when she's not on the Tower
with the moon in her eyes. She; ~~Elsie~~ Elsewhere
with — oh dear me — you see how that Lenina
must end ... I had hoped
to see Harold — only
Raymond came. V.

NYPL

did I tell you my notion of heaven? all mushrooms, — did I tell you I'd had Ethel down? did I tell you I'm sick of all people called St John! And did I tell you, my God Vita, I love you, adored me, loved me, write to me

52, Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
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Sept 6. 1934

Thursday

That was an angelic thought of yours — mushrooms for breakfast. I had them with bacon, & thought, how very good & kind Vita is. Even if she does not like them. She must have said, Fried strong paper. & looked out of the stamps — all things that only rich nice people, about to turn into sheep dogs, do.

By the way, after you had gone that night, I found a nice dinner suit-case in a corner of the frigidaire.

But there not much food in — saying that now. I'll be up for the day — Larden tarts of stale cake powder & petrol. But I rectified a fact for my book. I am so proud of having one fact that is quite true that I think that print it in italics

That reminds me, owing to the

And I want to see Harold; & I'm so glad you hated Dulwich (Barney Bastard) & I've been washing up lunch — had servants previous either Sanity or ~~to~~ Sobriety of that nine to ten after tea — greasy ham-fisted Knaves.

capacity as our traveller, I've only today got them to give me an advance copy of the dark island (why ~~small~~ lower case?) so I shall take it back tonight

Otto.

I thought the woman who act the Edwardian looked so divinely & completely to my taste (that) almost made an Excuse to come to Birmingham.

Can you bring to Birmingham!
Are you coming to Rodmell — there's a new bedroom for you.

Oh I have seen so many, so many, so many dull nice good people — chiefly relations — my brother's new yacht, 15 tons, was blown into Newhaven — her 2 daughters who man it had walked from Colchester to Lewes, lost their purse, borrowed money from men in lewes. How I like the youngest of all the generation! But I must break off in the full flood of inspiration — the manager who stands with us has wetted. V.

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62